



PARADISE LOST.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

Altered and adapted for the Stage from MILTON.

Set to Music by Mr. SMITH.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.



L O N D O N:

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PARADISE LOST.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A D A M *and* E V E.

A D A M.

SOLE partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power,
That fram'd this world, be infinitely good,
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, yet he requires
From us no other service, than to keep
This one, this easy charge; of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life:
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Confer'd upon us.

A 2

CHORUS

C H O R U S.

*We praise thee, O God: we
 Acknowledge thee to be
 The Lord.
 To thee all angels cry aloud:
 The heavens and all the powers therein.
 To thee Cherubin and Sera-
 phin, continually do cry,
 Holy, holy holy: Lord God
 Of Sabaoth.*

Eve. My author, my disposer, thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right;
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks.

S O N G.

*Bounteous Providence divine!
 Oh! how gracious is thy sway?
 Duty and delight combine,
 Truest bliss is to obey.
 Thy commands, well understood,
 Lead us to our greatest good.*

Adam. My fairest, my espous'd, the approaching hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
 Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men

Successive;

Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling, with soft slumberous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest.
 Man hath his daily work of body, or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity ;
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen ;
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder allies green.
 Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us sleep.

S O N G.

*Sweet partaker of my toil !
 Partner of each pleasing care !
 We have duly till'd the soil,
 Sleep shall now our strength repair.*

Eve. Be it as thou hast said. Whate'er thou bid'st
 Unargued I obey ; so God ordains.
 God is thy law, thou mine. To know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; the silent night

With

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest bird, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower
 Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
 Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.

S O N G.

*Glittering stars, resplendent moon,
 To what purpose are your rays?
 Sleep will close our eye-lids soon;
 None will then upon you gaze.
 Why? oh! Adam, tell me why,
 All this glory in the sky?*

Adam. Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve!
 These have their course to finish, these soft fires
 Temper, or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all things that grow.
 These then, tho' unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none
 That heaven wou'd want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
 Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.
 All these with ceaseless adoration view
 The wond'rous works of that Almighty being,
 Who made all we behold, air, earth, and heaven.

D U E T.

*Thou did'st also make the night,
Glorious being! thou the day,
Which we have finish'd with delight,
Pleas'd thy precepts to obey.*

G A B R I E L, U Z Z I E L, &c.

Gab. Angels, these opening worlds before we part
Call for our evening song: your golden harps
Take up, and let us celebrate his praise,
Whose wisdom, power and goodness know no bounds.

C H O R U S.

*When Chaos heard his high command,
At once emerg'd earth, sea, and land,
Sun, moon, and stars obey'd his call,
He, he is king and lord of all.*

Gab. Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north.
Our circuit meets full west.
Ithuriel! and Zephon! with wing'd speed
Search thro' the garden; leave unsearch'd no nook,
But chiefly, where these two fair creatures lodge
Now laid asleep perhaps secure of harm.

S O N G.

*Roses, shed your rich perfume,
 Cover o'er the lovely pair;
 Nightingales, your songs resume,
 Lull their sleep with softest air.
 Happy, happy is their fate,
 If they seek no happier state.*

This evening, as ye heard, one is arriv'd,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who cou'd have thought?) escap'd
 The bars of hell; on errand bad, no doubt;
 Such where you find seize fast, and hither bring.

C H O R U S.

*Arise, O Lord; exert thy mighty pow'r;
 Strengthen our arm, against our foes and thine:
 Let the proud enemy exult no more;
 Or let him feel the weight of wrath divine.*

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

ADAM and EVE.

ADAM.

WHY sleep'st thou thus, fair Eve? why glow thy cheeks?
Why are those lovely tresses discompos'd?

S O N G.

*Wake, my fair, uncloſe thoſe eyes.
See! Aurora gilds the ſkies.
See! ſhe peeps from yonder hills;
Zephyrs breathe from fuming rills;
Hark on high the ſprill lark chaunts,
All forſake their nightly haunts.*

Eve. O ſole, in whom my thoughts find all reſoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face and morn return'd; for I this night,
Such night till now I never paſs'd, have dream'd
(If dream'd) not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſs'd, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence, and trouble; of the fruit
Forbidden, and methought thereof did eat,
Tempted by, a ſeeming angel.

Adam. Be not ſad:
Evil into the mind of God, or man

May come, and go, so un approv'd ; and leave
No spot nor blame behind.

Eve. Thy soothing words
Have eas'd my heart ; but oh ! how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream ! and yet methinks
The sad idea dwells upon my mind.

S O N G.

*Cease, vain mimic fancy, cease ;
Rob, oh ! rob me not of peace.
Wherefore should'st thou thus torment
Her, whose heart is innocent ?*

Adam. Be not dishearten'd, Eve, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,
And let us to our fresh employments haste.
For now the sun, above th' horizon rais'd,
Shoots parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering the fair landscape, and excites
Such holy thoughts, as lift the heart to heaven.

D U E T.

*Parent of good ! these glorious works are thine,
Thine, mighty Lord, whatever eye can see ;
When things created with such lustre shine,
What must we, wond'rous Being, think of thee ?*

UZZIEL, ZEPHON, *to them* ITHURIEL.

Zeph. Yes, Uzziel, it was heard by all, and mark'd.

C H O R U S.

A voice was heard! a solemn voice on high!

It thrice said woe!

To those below.

It seem'd an angel's voice, flying thro' the sky.

Uzziel. Ithuriel, what tidings? is all safe?

Ithur. All safe, no actual harm; but that fell spirit
Broke loose from hell, whom Uriel saw descend,
Has been devising mischief; him we found,
Squat like a toad, close by the ear of Eve.
I touch'd him with my spear, he started up
Discover'd, and surpriz'd, in his own shape
Th' arch rebel Satan. With amaze we saw,
We question'd. He disdainfully reply'd.
At length consented to attend our chief.
We led him on. Betwixt us fierce contest
Of weightiest import rose, and dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, had not th' Eternal soon
Hung forth the signal of defeat; the arch fiend
Beheld his fate decreed, beheld and fled.

C H O R U S.

*Well we remember when his powerful arm
 Hurl'd rocks and woods
 And amplest floods
 In conflict fierce, and spread thro' heaven alarm.*

Gab. Ye hear, angelic guards! the bold attempt
 Of that accursed fiend; be it your care
 To search out, and defeat his subt'lest wiles.
 He fled, 'tis true, but in some other shape
 Most likely will return.

ADAM *and* EVE.

Eve. Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This garden; still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night, or two, with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.
 Let us divide our labours, each as choice
 May chance to lead us, or necessity.
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene, and smiles; or object new
 Casual discourse draw on: which intermits

Our

Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd.

S O N G.

*Time with slowest pace will move
Whilst I'm absent from my love ;
But since duty bid us part,
That shall over-rule my heart.*

Ad. Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil our work assign'd ;
But not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, looks, or smiles, or talk between ;
And doubt possesses me, fair Eve, lest harm
Befal thee, sever'd from me ; for thou know'ft
What hath been warn'd us ; what malicious foe,
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe, and shame.

Eve. That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, thou hast heard, and I believe.
But that thou should'ft my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

Adam. Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels ; nor think superfluous others aid.

Eve. If this be our condition thus to dwell
In narrow circuit, straiten'd by a foe ;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?

Adam. Well, if thou think'st thy happiness requires
To make this trial of thy constancy,
Go, for thy stay not free, absents thee more.

GABRIEL *and* Angels.

Gab. What means this shock ! the very earth doth seem
To feel some wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing thro' all her works gives signs of woe !
Some evil sure betides the human pair !

S O N G.

*Man so favour'd, man so blest,
Honour'd by this heav'nly band,
Man shall never more know rest,
Sin, I fear, has got command.*

C H O R U S.

*Nature now perhaps for thee
Suffers by divine decree.*

Eve. Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have mis'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence ; but not wonderful the cause.
The tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods, who taste,

And

And hath been tasted such ; the serpent wise
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
 Endued with human voice, and with me
 Persuafively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond.

S O N G.

*Yes, wisdom opens all her stores,
 Into my soul her treasures pours ;
 Celestial visions strike my eyes,
 I seem to mount, and tread the skies ;
 Such is thy power on man, fair fruit,
 That gavest language to the mute.*

Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love.

Adam. Oh ! fairest of creation, last, and best !
 How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost !
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote !
 Dared'st thou to touch that fruit ? some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown.

S O N G.

*Thrilling horror chills my veins,
 Death, alas ! will be thy meed ;
 Love incites me, fear restrains,
 To repeat the desperate deed.*

Adam.

Adam. How can I live without thee ! how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd !
To live again in these wild woods forlorn.

Eve. Oh glorious trial of exceeding love !
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
I lead the way.

Adam. Lead on, thou hast prevail'd.

GABRIEL *and* Angels.

Gab. Methought I saw the human pair disturb'd ;
Passion was in their faces : Eve led on
With hasty step, and seem'd to bend her way
To where the tree of good and evil stands,
Not far their distance.
Earth trembles from her bowels, as again
In pangs, and nature gives a second groan ;
Sky lowers, and thunder mutters ; these are signs
These can be only signs of mortal sin !

C H O R U S.

*But he the Lord, the judge of earth and heaven,
Shall pour his vengeance on thy impious head.
His righteous hand shall hold the balance even
And give thee thy full due, for this foul deed.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T

A C T III.

GABRIEL, *Angels.*

YE headlong torrents rapid and profound,
 Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale, and thou majestic main
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his tremendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

C H O R U S.

*Sound his tremendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.*

Gab. Angels! ye have heard the doom—but lo! I see
 Michael—descending—here dispatch'd, no doubt,
 On some important errand. Gracious Heaven
 (Oh! may it be) perhaps in pity sends
 His messenger, to raise him from the dust,
 Where now he groveling lies with mind disturb'd,
 And curses his creation.

ADAM *enters.*

Adam. Why comes not Death with acceptable stroke
 To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word?

C

Justice

Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

S O N G.

*See thro' yon clouds fire darts upon my eye!
 Hark! hark! I hear a most tremendous sound;
 Winds roar; a deluge gushes from the sky;
 The stout oaks crash, their tops stoop to the ground.*

E V E enters.

Adam. Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
 And hateful to my eye. Oh, why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth? this fair defect?

Eve. Forfake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee; and unweeting did offend,
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thus suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees, bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress.

S O N G.

SONG.

*My only strength ! my only stay !
 Forlorn of thee where shall I go ?
 Ah ! turn not thus thy face away,
 To Eve one spark of pity show.*

Adam. Talk'ſt thou of pity, woman ! but for thee
 I had perſiſted happy. Where was then
 Thy tendereſs to me, when thou didſt tempt,
 And urg'd to ſure deſtruction ? off ! away !

Eve. Oh ! do not, Adam, exerciſe on me
 Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
 On me already loſt. Againſt the foe,
 Let us join common enmity ; but ah !
 Between us two let there be peace and league,
 While yet we live ; but one ſhort hour perhaps.

SONG.

*It comes ! it comes ! it muſt be death !
 My eye-ſight fails,—my limbs grow weak,—
 My pulſe ſcarce moves,—I loſe my breath,—
 I feel my heart begins to break !
 Oh Sin ! thou firſt did'ſt lay me low,
 And cruel Adam aids the blow.*

Adam. Eve, riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere ; but ſtrive

In offices of love, how we may ease
Each other's burthen, in our share of woe.

S O N G.

*He who rules in heaven so high,
He who did weak man create,
He perhaps may bear our cry,
May commiserate our state.*

MICHAEL, GABRIEL, &c.

Mich. Adam! Heaven's high behest no preface needs;
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent;
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeas'd,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim:
But longer in this paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come.

S O N G.

*Thou henceforth art doom'd to toil,
Thou and thy unhappy race,
Doom'd to till the stubborn soil,
Driven from this delightful place.
Justice issues this command,
Sin and care go hand in hand.*

Eve.

Chorus

Righteous Lord are all thy ways

Eve. O unexpected stroke, far worse than death !
 Must I then leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades ?
 Fit haunt of godlike beings. Oh ! flowers so sweet
 That never will in other climates grow,
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?

S O N G.

*Ab ! nuptial bower, deck'd by this hand
 With what was sweet to sight, or smell,
 Must I then quit thee ? hard command !
 Where now with comfort can I dwell ?*

Adam. Celestial, whether among thrones, or nam'd
 Of them the highest, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from God's face, I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed countenance.

Mich. Adam, recall thy better thoughts ; think not
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise, or Eden.

C H O R U S.

*Him these bounds cannot restrain,
 Nor the heaven of heavens contain.
 He throughout all space exists,
 Every life by him subsists.*

Mich.

Mich. Thus far has been explain'd : but know I come
To shew thee, what shall fall in future days
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
Expect to hear.

Adam. With lowliest reverence
I bend, and to the hand of Heaven submit.

Mich. First then. Since thou hast op'd the gates of death,
By means of sin, thou know'st (for thou hast felt)
Passion has gain'd dominion ; anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord. These and worse
Usurping over reason, thence shall claim
Superior sway, and thy unhappy race
Shall fall to these a sacrifice. Henceforth
Satan, thy deadly foe, shall far extend
His impious reign, and lead the world in chains.

S O N G.

*He the gloomy prince of air
Shall by God's permission share
Power, if not repuls'd, o'er man;
This was doom'd when sin began.*

Adam. Oh miserable beings, to what fall
Degraded ! to what wretched state reserv'd !

Mich. Adam, be patient. This shall be the course
Of those, who listen not to reason's lore,
Or boldly scorn those dawning lights, that Heaven
Shall send at intervals to guide mankind ;

Till

Till the great Sun of Righteousness shall rise
 With brightest lustre, and illumine this earth.
 He is the Promis'd Seed, ordain'd to bruise
 The serpent's head; and shall from woman spring.

C H O R U S.

*Obedient to his mighty word,
 An angel I descending see,
 His right hand grasps a flaming sword,
 His left sustains a chain and key.
 Behold the dragon vanquish'd, cast
 Into those flames that ever last.*

Adam. Oh! prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand,
 What oft my steadfast thoughts have search'd in vain,
 Why our great expectation shou'd be call'd
 The seed of woman.

Mich. At his birth a star,
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come.
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night.
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Glory to God on high,
Peace on earth,
Good will towards men.*

HALLELUJA.

F I N I S.

